

Grace Slick "Grimly Forming"

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I looked out my window,
The cloud, Was grimly forming,
Waiting for the Rain I saw,
The one Dark cloud forming,
The Soldiers, Paid no heed,
I could hear their hollow laughter,
Down the hill in pairs and Threes
The Red Cross Girls Came after.

Gypsies, drunk and roaring
With their Ribbon Sabre's flying,
In It's Tangled Jungle mess,
A bat was softly crying,
The beggars came to find,
that there was nobody buying.

I looked out my window,
The cloud, Was grimly forming,
Waiting for the rain I saw! The Dark Cloud Forming,
The Soldiers paid no Heed,
I could hear Their Hollow Laughter,
And waiting for The Rain,
I Saw The Gypsies Marching After.

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